



Detective Intellikat and the case of the catflap mob.



57 2 5

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Detective Intellikat was sitting at his desk in the main area where all the detectives worked. He was flicking through some paperwork with one paw, as the other was clawing the executive mini scratching pole he wife bought as celebration for his promotion.

He closed the file & reached over and poured himself a saucer of milk, and watched the hustle and bustle of the office. The chief padded over to Detective Intellikat, and asked if he could see him in his office, because he had a new case for him to work on, and after wiping his whiskers - he followed the chief into the office.

Take a cushion the chief said to Intellikat, and Intellikat obliged & selected a soft plump one with filigree embroidery around the edges. The chief sat at his desk and address Intellikat.

Detective Intellikat how long have you been at Kittyville station for?

Intellikat replied 4 years sir.

The chief asked Detective Intellikat how may case he had worked on & solved.

Intellikat replied 65 cases and all solved sir.

The chief said exactly, and this is why I need you to work on this special case, and it will require you to go deep cover. The chief handed Detective Intellikat a file, and allowed him to quickly look through it.

As Intellikat was reading, the chief took out a small box & placed a pinch of catnip on the back of

his paw, and then snorted it in. The chief's eyes rolled back, and for a moment chased shadows cast by the sun through the window. See more of Story Wars

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addiction & move on in life.

Intellikat closed the file and waited for the chief to speak. The chief looked at Intellikat with glazed eyes, and said that the catflap mob had expanded there operations from the Eastside into Kittyville, and a good undercover detective was needed to take the mob down, before there was a turf war.

He was the only one who could be trusted as there was a mole in the ranks, so this operation had to be covert & watertight.

Intellikat asked how long the operation would last for, and was told that depended on him. Intellikat purred his thinking purr, and then said he would do it. The chief shook the last of the kitty litter from his paws & gently rubbed Intellikat between the ears, and told him to see his assistant for the briefing.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



Detective Intellikat turned to the chief.

Oh and about that mole, sir.

Yes?

Why not just get rid of him?

We don't know who he is, detective.

Detective Intellikat laid a single paw on the filing cabinet.

Maybe it's literally... that mole who is working the front desk. Just started last week?

Hmmm I'll look into it, detective.

Chapter 3 by Time



Detective Intellikat continued flipping through pages as if nothing had happened, waiting for the chief to come back with his results.

"Detective," Moments later, the door opened and the chief entered, "We have been looking into the life story of the mole and all his recent activities pattern. Nothing special was discovered."

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"Great," Detective Intellikat

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"More information?"

"Yes," Detective Intellikat said, "The problem would be solved if the mole died, right?"

"Well, maybe not the whole problem...it would be better, at least."

Detective Intellikat rang the bell and a Kat dressed in black suit came inside.

"Morning, Detective," The Kat said, "I am UnIntellikat."

"Bet you're not very Intelligent," Detective Intellikat caressed his whiskers, "Now, go and tell those Kats that I need the activity patterns of all moles in Kittyvile."

"Activity patterns..." UnIntellikat murmured, "What's the time?"

"What?"

"Do you mean the activity pattern of this week, this month or this year?"

Detective Intellikat dropped his paw and pondered. "A month would be enough," He replied.

"Alright, the action will be performed within an hour."

"Oh, and just by the way," Detective Intellikat added, "If there's anything especially unusual about one mole's activity patterns, kill him. Or her."

UnIntellikat stared. "Are you saying that..."

"Yes."

"Won't it be a bit too...strict?"

"It's not, at least not in this situation."

UnIntellikat fell in silence. "Perhaps I am not intelligent enough to understand," she whispered.

"True, you are not, Unintelligent Kat."

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